

(1)

THE  
HUMBLE PETITIONS  
OF HIS  
MAJESTIES

Truly Loyal PROTESTANT Subjects, by  
some called PRESBYTERIANS, for a blef-  
fed Reformation.

*May it please your Majesty,*

**W**OULD you but banish all your friends,  
And let our Petitioners have their Ends--  
Call 'em good Subjects and make 'em a-  
mends;

*This is the time.*

Would you your power of Pardon lose,  
And give us leave to call all those  
(You know your friends) the Kingdomes Foes;

*This &c.*

Would your Majesty please to prefer all those  
Who to a Subsidy Bill Hollow out (*Noes*).  
So by making one friend to assure you ten Foes;

*This &c.*

Would you lets have the Souldiery at our Command,  
Disinherit your Brother out of hand,  
And so intail a War upon the Land;

*This &c.*

Would you give M. leave to undo  
Himself and all the Nation too;  
And him that opposes it think your Foe;

*This &c.*

Would.

(2)

Would your Majesty please to stile all those Papists,  
That are not either rank Presbyterians or Atheists,  
And ne're think of th' mistake till it too late is;  
*This &c.*

Would you the Lord President disgrace,  
And lets call him Papist to his face,  
And put our friend *Harris* in *L'Estranges* place;  
*This, &c.*

Would you hang *Scroggs*, 'tis no matter for reason,  
And all those that won't be perjur'd in season--  
And give us a Patent for talking of Treason;  
*This &c.*

Would your Majesty let us invent and disclose  
Grand frailties in you which nobody knows  
And let ours be wink't at, though much greater than those;  
*This &c.*

Would you lets into the Prerogative search,  
Lets murder the Bishops and Plunder the Church,  
Lead the Lords by the Nose, and then leave 'em in the Lurch;  
*This &c.*

Would you let us the good Old Cause renew.  
Tax evil Counsellors and Tacitly you  
First *Straffordize Lauderdale*, and next your self too;  
*This is the time.*

*And your Petitioners shall ever pray, &c.*

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*The true intent, and meaning of many (though not the most,  
nor best) of the late Petitioners.*

*Wee humbly crave your Majestie  
To grant to us the Liberty  
Of Forty one, two, and three;*

*We'll vote the Lords uselesse once more,  
And turne the Bishops out of doore,  
And murder Charles, as Charles before.*